

ALL BRAND NEW
FEATURES!

THE HUMAN TORCH

10c

FALL
ISSUE

60

THRILLING
PAGES OF the **HUMAN TORCH**
fighting the **SUB-MARINER**
IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE

No.
5

As the Sub-Mariner's hibernators began to destroy the coastline, the Human Torch blazed to the attack!



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As the Sub-Mariner's allies began to
destroy the coastline, the Human Torch
blasted to the attack!



You! BROUGHT BACK DARING COMICS

And MADE IT BETTER THAN EVER!
YOU AND THOUSANDS OF READERS
HAVE THRILLED TO IT!
YOU AND THOUSANDS OF READERS
HAVE ENJOYED EVERY SPINE
TINGLING STORY!
So WE PROUDLY ANNOUNCE THIS
BIG, EXCITING, NEW ISSUE!

GANG... I'M A
NEW MEMBER.
BUT MY FIGHT IS
AS OLD AS TIME!
THERE'S A MAD DOG
LOOSE ON THE
FACE OF THE EARTH—
AND IT'S UP TO US
TO SNARE HIM!

RIGHT!

WITH SUCH
NEW AND OLD
FAVORITES
AS

RUDY THE ROBOT

THE L'L PROF.

THE BLUE DIAMOND

THE SILVER SCORPION

THE FIN

CAPTAIN DARING

THE THUNDERER

THE NEWEST, MOST STARTLING
CHARACTER IN COMICS!
YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM!
YOU'VE ADMIRER HIM!
YOU'VE CHEERED HIM ON AND
WISHED HIM LUCK!

Now YOU CAN READ ABOUT THE FAMOUS...

CITIZEN IN

DARING COMICS

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

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**PART
I**

HUMAN TORCH

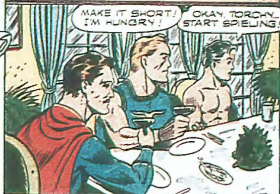
ROUGH SHOD THEY RIDE OVER THE WORLD, THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF DESTRUCTION, AND THEIR NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN BLOOD! **HITLER, MUSSOLINI, DEATH AND SUB-MARINER!** YES, THE SUB-MARINER, GONE BERSERK, ALSO HAS DREAMS OF WORLD CONQUEST AND WORLD ENSLAVEMENT! BUT FROM THE GROANING MILLIONS WHOM THEY ARE CRUSHING, RISES THE CRY OF A DESPERATE WORLD, CALLING FOR A DELIVERER... FOR A MAN WHO CAN ALSO HALT THE TERRIBLE PATH OF DOOM WHICH IS BEING CARVED BY THE MADDENED SUB-MARINER! AND HERE HE COMES... LIGHTING THE SKY WITH THE TORCH OF FREEDOM....

**The
HUMAN
TORCH!**

**The HUMAN TORCH BATTLES THE
SUB-MARINER AS THE WORLD FACES
DESTRUCTION!**



GROUP OF FRIENDS GATHER AT A NEW YORK BANQUET TABLE... RECOGNIZE THEM? THE ANGEL, THE PATRIOT... AND TORO!



MAKE IT SHORT! I'M HUNGRY!

OKAY, TORO... START SPEELING!

TORO'S BOOK FITTINGLY ENOUGH OPENS IN AMERICA... JUST BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST! LOOK AT YOUR COUNTRY... IT MAY BE A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU SEE IT THIS WAY AGAIN... SLEEPY VILLAGES, BUSY FACTORIES SUNSWEEPED BEACHES, PEACE STILL LIES OVER THE LAND, BUT FOR HOW LONG? HOW LONG WHEN THE OMNIOUS SHADOW OF MARS LURKS IN THE SKY??

AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE

AND SO WE ARE REUNITED TO SAY GOODBYE TO OUR FRIEND, CASEY WHO WILL COVER THE WAR FOR CONSOLIDATED PRESS!



UNFORTUNATELY SUB MARINER CAN'T BE WITH US! HE GOT A MESSAGE FROM HIS MOTHER, SAYING HE WAS URGENTLY NEEDED IN HIS KINGDOM! SO LET'S TOAST HIM!

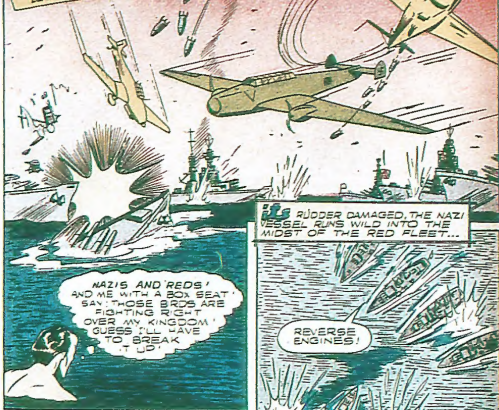


Meanwhile SUB MARINER, NEARING HOME, SEES...

HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG AT HOME! HEY... A SEA BATTLE!



SHELLS SCREAM AND PLANES
ROAR OVERHEAD AS THE TWO FLEETS
LOCK IN DEADLY COMBAT!



NAZIS AND REDS!
AND ME WITH A BOX SEAT
SAY: THOSE BROS ARE
FIGHTING RIGHT
OVER MY KINGDOM!
GUESS I'LL HAVE
TO BREAK
IT UP!

RÜDDER DAMAGED, THE NAZI
VESSEL RUNS WILD INTO THE
MIDST OF THE RED FLEET...

REVERSE
ENGINES!

DIVING, SUB MARINER TWISTS THE RÜDDER
OF A NAZI SHIP INTO A SHAPELESS MASS!



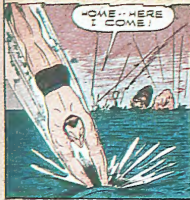
HERE'S WHERE THIS
BABY GOES OUT
OF ACTION!

HIMMEL!
STOP!
STOP!

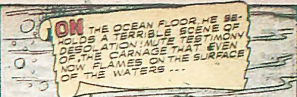
THEY'LL PICK
SOME OTHER
PLACE TO
FIGHT,
NOW!



AS THE BATTLE SHIFTS TO ANOTHER PART OF THE OCEAN, SUB MARINER DESCENDS...

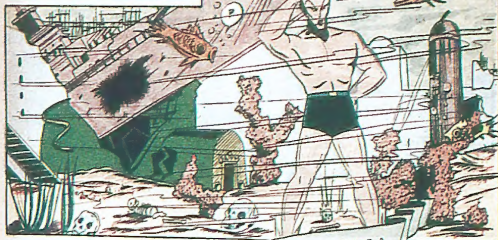


"HOME... HERE I COME!"

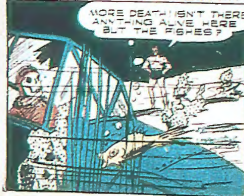


ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, HE BEHOLDS A TERRIBLE SCENE OF DESOLATION! MUTE TESTIMONY OF THE CARNAGE THAT EVEN NOW FLAMES ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATERS...

THOSE SEA-BATTLES HAVE WRECKED MY KINGDOM! LOOK! DEATH! DEATH! **DEATH!** ALL AROUND ME!



HE COMES UPON AN R.A.F. PLANE, ITS PILOT STILL POISED FOR THE FIGHT THAT CARRIED HIM INTO ETERNITY!



MORE DEATH! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ALIVE HERE BUT THE FISHES?

at LAST, HE FINDS A SIGN OF LIFE...



GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS LIKE LONDON! I'LL GO IN AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MOTHER! I-I HOPE SHE'S ALIVE... IF SHE ISN'T, I'LL...

WITH HIS HEART IN HIS MOUTH, SUB MARINER ENTERS THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER!

MOTHER! MOTHER! I'VE COME BACK!

THANK HEAVENS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'VE GONE THROUGH! AND WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE SO FAR BELOW THE SEA!

THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER DAY AND NIGHT... THE GERMANS, RUSSIANS AND BRITISH! AND OUR PEOPLE DIED BY THE SCORE!

NO ONE CAN ESCAPE THE WAR NOW!

WE WERE NOT THE ONLY VICTIMS! RATHIA! COME HERE AND TELL MY SON YOUR STORY!

FROM THE GROUP HUDDLED IN THE SHELTER STEPS A WOMAN OF DAZZLING BEAUTY...

I AM A REFUGEE PRINCESS... I COME FROM THE FAR-FLUNG BALTIC - WE TOO LIVED BENEATH THE WATERS IN PEACE...

THE VOICE OF SUB MARINER RINGS THROUGH THE SEVEN SEAS...

SOMEONE DROPPED DEPTH BOMBS TO SMASH SOMEONE ELSE'S SUBMARINES - AND MY PEOPLE DIED LIKE FLIES! I SAY, THAT THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE SEA SHOULD HOLD A WAR COUNCIL!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL SUMMON THEM BY RADIO!

--REPORT TO MY KINGDOM AT ONCE FOR A WAR COUNCIL!

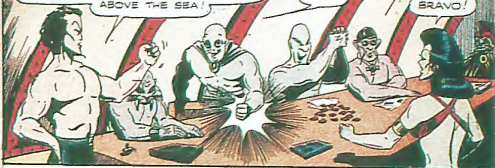
POURING FORTH FROM ALL THE WATERS
THAT COVER THE EARTH, DELEGATES
GATHER IN AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER.

AND SO, I RECOMMEND WE COMBINE OUR
FORCES IN A WAR TO END THE WAR
ABOVE THE SEA!

RIGHT! AND YOU
SHALL LEAD
US

HOORAY FOR
OUR NEW
LEADER!

BRAVO!



LATER, ALONE WITH RATHIA...

SUB MARINER, I SEE
GREAT THINGS IN STORE
FOR YOU! WHEN THIS WAR
IS OVER, DO YOU KNOW
WHO WILL RULE
THE WORLD?

HUH?



Meanwhile... AS CASEY PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR
EUROPE, HE GETS A WIRELESS MESSAGE...

IT'S FROM SUB MARINER.
HE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE
I'M ASSIGNED, AND HE
WANTS AN ANSWER
AT ONCE!



FROM THE DOCKED SHIP
CASEY FLASHES HIS REPLY...

...AM COVERING
RUSSO-GERMAN
WAR...



IN THE SHIP'S RADIO ROOM

THERE'S NAVORS
ANSWER...
QUEER, ISN'T
IT?

DON'T COVER
THAT WAR, OR
YOU WILL
BE IN DEADLY
PERIL!

THAT WARNING
WON'T STOP ME
I'M GOING!

SO AM I
BUT NOT
BY SHIP!
THAT
MESSAGE
WARRANTS
INVESTIGATION!



FLAMING, THE TORCH SOARS FROM THE SHIP WITH TORO BEHIND HIM...

THIS IS SO SUDDEN! WHERE TO?

JUST A LITTLE JAUNT TO RUSSIA!



IN A TAVERN CASEY CULTIVATES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A RED OFFICER...

WHEW!

THOSE ZOMBIES ARE A LITTLE STRONGER THAN VODKA, EH? LET'S GO IN THE BACK ROOM, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!



THE BACK ROOM CASEY UNCOVERS A SHAKING SURPRISE ZOMBIE!

SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR UNIFORM AND PAPERS FOR A WHILE!



GASEY ARRIVES IN THE SHADOW OF THE HAMMER AND SICKLE, RED SQUARE, MOSCOW!

WHAT AN ARMY! ADOLPH MAY BE DUE FOR A SURPRISE! BUT, I'D BETTER GET HOPPING!



THIS'LL GET ME RIGHT IN THE FRONT LINE FIGHTING...AND THE REAL DOPE ON THIS WAR... I'M TIRED OF THOSE PADDED GOVERNMENT COMMUNIQUEES!



EVIL DEVILISH ROUTES, CASEY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SOUTHERN FRONT, WHERE THE GREAT BATTLE FOR THE UKRAINE IS BEING FOUGHT. FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT, HE SEES NAZI AND ROMANIAN TROOPS ATTEMPT TO FORCE THE DNESTER RIVER!

FORWARD!
FORWARD!
OR YOU DIE
WITH A
BULLET
IN THE
BACK!

LONG LIVE
THE
FUEHRER!

LOOKS LIKE
THE NAZI
ADVANCE ISN'T
GOING ACCORD-
ING TO
SCHEDULE!

AIEE!

CASEY'S
BINOCULARS SWING
TO THE LEFT AND ...

WELL, IT BE!
A WHIRLPOOL,
DOWN RIVER!

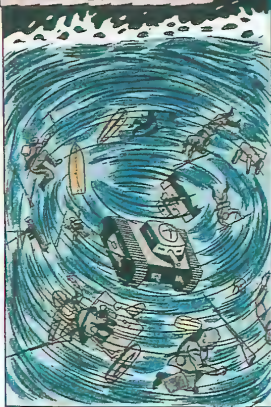
FOILED IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO CROSS ON PONTON BRIDGES, THE ATTACKERS MAKE ANOTHER TRY WITH BARGES, AND THE RIVER TURNS RED WITH BLOOD!

KAMERFD!

THIS IS SLAUGHTER!
WE CAN'T GO ON!
WE CAN'T!

ONWARD
TO GLORY!

SUDDENLY, THE WHIRLPOOL CASEY SAW, REACHES THE SCENE OF SLAUGHTER AND SUCKS DOWN THE NAZI HORDES, BARGES AND ALL.



THE INTENSITY OF THE SPINNING WHIRLPOOL INCREASES, CREATING A TIDAL WAVE THAT POLACES LIKE A WING THING UPON THE RUSSIAN DEFENDERS.



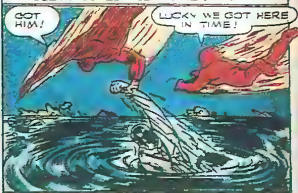
GUESS THIS IS MY LAST STORY!

DOWN, DOWN GOES CASEY!



GLUB!

BUT, SHARP EYES HAVE SEEN CASEY GO DOWN. THE EYES OF THE TORCH, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED FROM AMERICA!



GOT HIM!

LUCKY WE GOT HERE IN TIME!

AS THE RIVER SUBSIDES, TORO
ZOOMS UPWARD...

AS THE TRIO FLIES OVER WHAT THE ITALIANS LOVE
TO CALL 'OUR SEA' TORO SPOTS SMOKE...

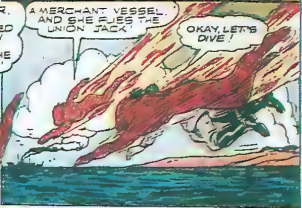
SOMEONE
TOSSED A
BUCKET
OF WATER
IN YOUR
FACE!
WHAT A
BUCKET!
HA! HA!

KILL THE CHATTER,
KID, AND KEEP
YOUR EYE PEELED
FOR A FRIENDLY
SHIP! WE'RE
HEADING FOR THE
MEDITERRANEAN!

A MERCHANT VESSEL...
AND SHE FLIES THE
UNION JACK!

OKAY, LET'S
DIVE!

WHAT THE-?
WHERE
AM I?



MEANWHILE THE GERMAN
NEWS BUREAU SENDS OUT
A REPORT OF THE BATTLE.

NOW HERE'S THE RED
VERSION. TAKE YOUR PICK.

DNB
DNB A GERMAN PANZER
DIVISION CROSSED THE
DNIESTER RIVER TODAY
SEIZING THOUSANDS OF
TANKS, GUNS AND PRIS-
ONERS... OUR ARMY SUB-
TAINED NO LOSSES...

THE SOVIET INFORMATION
BUREAU ANNOUNCES THAT
RED TROOPS HAVE JUST
EFFECTED A STRATEGIC
WITHDRAWAL FROM THE
DNIESTER. TWO FASCIST
REGIMENTS WERE
WIPE OUT!



ABOARD THE BRITISH VESSEL,
CASEY WRITES THE TRUE VERSION

WAIT TILL
AMERICA
SEES THIS!

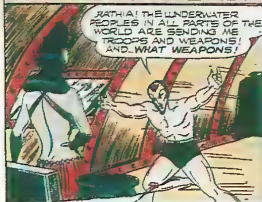
YOU CAN'T TELL!
TRUTH SOMETIMES
IS HARDER TO
SWALLOW THAN
FICTION!

WE WERE GOING
TO VISIT OUR
PAL SUB-
MARINER!
I RAGGED
THE YARN AND
THE BOSS
IS ASSIGNING
ME TO LONDON
COME ALONG!

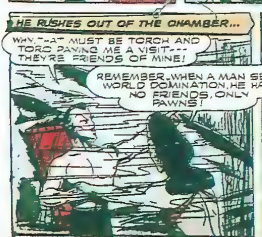
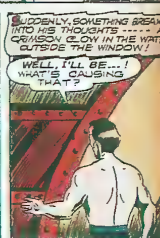
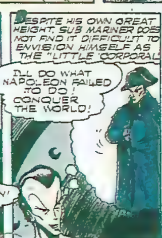
I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE
KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT MYSTER-
IOUS WHIRLPOOL!
C'MON KID, LET'S
TAKE TO THE
AIR...



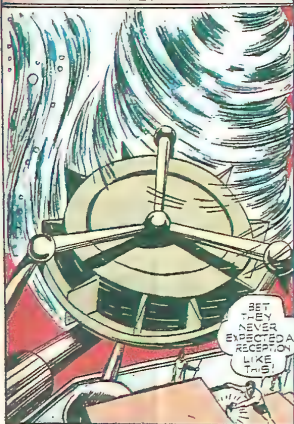
MEANWHILE, SUB MARINER PROCEEDS WITH HIS PLAN TO WAGE "THE WAR TO END ALL WARS"!



THE TWO HAVE BECOME "FRIENDLIER" SINCE THEY FIRST MET...



THE SUB MARINER TWIRLS THE CONTROLS OF A
GIGANTIC TURBINE, AND, AS THE GREAT WHEEL
SPINS, A WHIRLPOOL FORMS, RISING AT A
TERRIFIC RATE!



BET
THEY
NEVER
EXPECTED A
RECEPTION
LIKE
THIS!

UP ROARS THE SPINNING VORTEX
OF WATER, LITERALLY SNATCH-
ING TORCH AND TORO
OUT OF THE SKY!



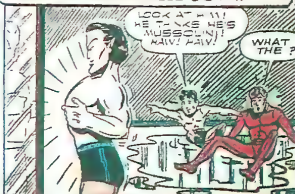
HEY... WHAT'S
GOING ON?

GLUB!
GLUB!



HERE THEY COME!
SOLDERS!
STOP THE MACHINE!

TORCH AND TORO ARE TAKEN TO AN UNDER-
GROUND CHAMBER, WHERE THEY REVIVE TO
BEHOLD AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT!!



LOOK AT HIM!
HE TAKES HIS
MUSSOLINI!
HA! HA!

WHAT
THE?

WITH A BOUND, THE SUB-MARINER CROSSES THE ROOM AND VENTS HIS RAGE ON THE BOY!

LAUGH AT ME... WILL YOU?

YEOW!

NO MORE OF YOUR IMPUDENCE! YOU ARE NOW ADDRESSING THE FUTURE DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!

YOU HEARD ME --- DICTATOR! AND IF YOU TWO TAG ALONG WITH ME, I'LL GRANT YOU IMPORTANT ROLES IN THE NEW ORDER!

HUM!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, RATHIA ENTERS...

I'LL HUMOR THE DOPE!

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE...

SOUNDS INTERESTING! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

DON'T TELL HIM, SUB-MARINER! I DON'T TRUST HIM OR THAT BRAT!

AH! SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR HIS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!

DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING!

FIRST I'M GOING TO KNOCK RUSSIA AND GERMANY OUT OF THE BOX, FOR THEY OWN THE BIGGEST ARMIES! YOU OUGHT TO SEE MY SECRET WEAPONS! THAT BUSINESS ON THE DNIESTER WAS JUST A TEST!

ENRAGED, THE TORCH LOSES HIS HEAD!

I CAN TRUST THEM BOTH... ALTHOUGH THE KID GETS FRESH ONCE IN A WHILE - NOW TORCH, WHAT I INTEND TO DO...

YOU ALWAYS WERE A COLD FISH! MAYBE, I CAN WARM YOU UP!

?

TORCH AND TORO ATTACK SUB MAR-
INER RATHIA'S HAND, PRESSES A BUTTON.

"THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO TREAT
LOT-HEADS!"

THE CEILING OPENS,
ADMITTING TONS
OF WATER!

GOOD WORK,
RATHIA!

COOLER NOW,
BOYS?

?

LUNGS,
ALMOST BURSTING,
TORCH LAUNCHES
HIMSELF UPWARD
IN A DESPERATE
EFFORT TO
ESCAPE THE
PRESSING
WATERS!

"DON'T
FORGET
THE
BATTERY
PACK!"

"HOW MANY
FLOUNDER
ARE THERE
IN THE
WATER?"

HOPE
THE KID'S
FOLLOWING
ME!

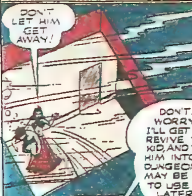
BEFORE LAPSING INTO OBIVION, TORO
MAKES A LAST MOVE TO PREVENT
RATHIA FROM CLOSING THE CEILING!

"LET GO OF MY
HAND, LET
GO!"

RATHIA REACHES
THE BUTTON AND
THE CEILING
CLOSES—
TOO LATE!

JUST
MADE
IT!

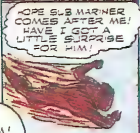
ATHA OPENS THE CEILING AGAIN TO PERMIT SUB MARINER TO CHASE THE TORCH!



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY... I'LL GET HIM! REVIVE THE KID, AND TOSS HIM INTO A DUNGEON! WE MAY BE ABLE TO USE HIM, LATER!

TORCH HAVING REACHED THE SURFACE SAFELY, HOVERS OVER THE WATER

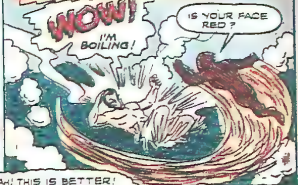


HOPE SUB MARINER COMES AFTER ME! HAVE I GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM!

ANYWHERE YOU ARE! CHUCK DOWN AND... HEY! THIS WATER'S GETTING WARM!



AS TORCH ENCIRCLES SUB MARINER, THE TERRIFIC HEAT FROM HIS BODY CAUSES THE WATER TO BUBBLE AND STEAM!



WOW! I'M BOILING!

IS YOUR FACE RED?

AH! THIS IS BETTER! I FEEL AS IF I GOT A BAD CASE OF SUNBURN! I'LL SQUARE THIS ACCOUNT WITH TORCH, LATER!



SUB MARINER DIVES FOR COOLER WATER!



HOPE THEY REVIVE THE KID; THEY BETTER! IF I KNOW SUB MARINER, HE'LL HOLD TORO AS HOSTAGE! BUT I CAN'T ATTEMPT A RESCUE, NOW! THE FATE OF MILLIONS DEPENDS ON HOW FAST I WARN THEM!



ROCKETED BY HIS FLAME
TORCH REACHES THE STALIN
LINE, WHERE HE DISCOVERS
A LULL IN THE SHOOTING...
BUT NO LULL IN THE WAR
OF WORDS!

SURRENDER! IT'S
BETTER TO BE A
PRISONER OF HITLER,
THAN A FIGHTER FOR
STALIN! HITLER FEEDS
HIS PRISONERS WELL!
STEAK MAS-ED
POTATOES, ICE CREAM
AND CHAMPAGNE!

I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!
NOW TO UNLOAD SOME
PROPAGANDA OF
MY OWN! HOPE
IT WORKS!

AH! THE BATTLE
OF BULL! WONDER
IF HITLER AND
STALIN ARE VISITING
THIS FRONT? IT'S
SAFE ENOUGH!

VERTSKY
TO YOU!

TORCH STARTS TO
SKY-WRITE...

CEASE
FIRING

JOIN FORCES
AGAINST SUBMARINER
HE WANTS TO RULE
WORLD!

BAH! RED
PROPA-
GANDA!

BAH! NAZI
PROPAGANDA!

NO BUSINESS!
THEY THINK IT'S A GAG!
SAY! MAYBE CASEY CAN
PUT IN MESSAGE
ACROSS!



HE'S PROBABLY STILL
IN LONDON. HOPE THE
LUFTWAFFE HASN'T
BOMBED HIS UGLY
PAZZ OFF THE MAP!



TIME FLIES, AND SO DOES
TORCH... HE PAUSES OVER
THE MEDITERRANEAN...

THERE'S AFRICA! THAT
REMINOS ME! KAZAR IS
THERE! BETTER WARN HIM!
HE MAY NOT SEE ANSWER-
PAPER FOR DAYS!



OVER THE DARK CONTINENT'S
BOUNDLESS JUNGLES, HE HUR-
TLES UNTIL HE REACHES A
CERTAIN CLEARING!

KAZAR!
KAZAR!



WHY, IT'S
THE TORCH!
COME ON
DOWN... BUT
BE CAREFUL
NOT TO START
A FOREST
FIRE!



AS SOON AS HE LANDS,
TORCH EXTINGUISHES
HIS FLAME!

WHAT
BRINGS
YOU
HERE?

PLENTY!
LISTEN...



TAKE A LEAF
FROM NOAH'S
BOOK AND BUILD
AN ARK. THE
BIGGEST ARK
YOU CAN
MAKE!

GREAT
IDEA!
I'LL CALL THE
ELEPHANTS
AND APES TO
WORK AT
ONCE!



WHEN TORCH FINISHES
HIS STORY...

SO! HE'S GOING IN
FOR TIDAL WAVES! WHY,
THE ANIMALS WON'T
HAVE A CHANCE!



SLIPPING HIS HAND OVER
HIS MOUTH, THE JUNGLE
YOUTH LETS FORTH A
SERIES OF WILD
ANIMAL CRIES!

KAROOO!
AIEE!



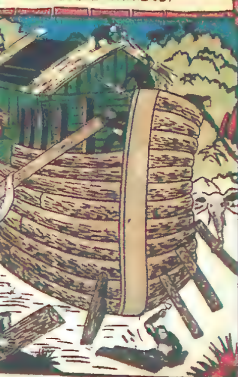
NATURE'S CLARION CALL, REVERBERATES THROUGH THE JUNGLE, AND HERDS OF WILD ELEPHANTS THUNDER FORTH!



APES - HUNDREDS OF THEM - SWING THROUGH THE TREES AT TERRIFIC SPEED, FOR THEY TOO HAVE HEARD THEIR MASTER'S VOICE!



MYSTERIOUS AFRICA HAS SEEN STRANGE SIGHTS, BUT SURELY NONE STRANGER THAN THIS! TOLERS OF THE JUNGLE, CO-OPERATING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A HUMAN 'ARCHITECT' TO ERECT WHAT MAY WELL BE THEIR ONLY SANCTUARY IN A WORLD OF CHAOS! THE GREAT ARK QUICKLY TAKES FORM AS THE ELEPHANTS HAUL LUMBER TO THE CLEARING AND THE APES MAKE THE FOREST RING WITH THEIR STONE HAMMERS!



Meanwhile AT THE LONDON
OFFICE OF CONSOLIDATED PRESS.

AND THAT'S THE
STORY! I KNOW
IT SOUNDS
CRAZY!

SUB WARNER
TRYING TO OUTDO
NAPOLEON, AND
HE MAY suc-
CEED! WHAT
A STORY!

CASEY MAKES THE NEWS
CABLES BURN, BUT...

WAR AGAINST
WORLD PLANNED
BY SUB MARINER

A REPORTER'S
PIPE DREAM!

ABSURD!
I'LL WRITE A
LETTER TO
THE EDITOR!

THINK I'LL TURN TO
THE WOMAN'S PAGE!
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD FOR
FICTION!

IN WASHINGTON...

BUT, THE PATRIOT HAS
FAITH IN CASEY!

THEY'RE ALL LAUGHING
AT THE STORY! BUT IT
MUST BE TRUE!
THINK I'LL SEE THE
PRESIDENT!

...AND HE QUOTES THE TORCH!
MR. PRESIDENT, I'M CONVIN-
CED THE WORLD IS REAL-
LY IN DANGER!

YOU'VE CONVINCED
ME TOO! I WILL
TAKE IMMEDIATE
STEPS TO COPE
WITH THE
SITUATION!

FLASH! PRESIDENT
STEPS UP PRODUCTION OF
SHIPS AS WELL AS DIVING
APPARATUS FOR CIVILIANS!
SENATOR BEELER FOE OF
PRESIDENT SAYS IT'S
ANOTHER MOVE TO
EMBROIL US IN A
FOREIGN WAR!



Meanwhile...TORCH VISITS
PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL.

GIVE
ME
TROOPS
I'LL BURN
A PASSAGE FOR
THEM UNDER THE OCEAN
FLOOR TO SUB WARNER'S
KINGDOM!

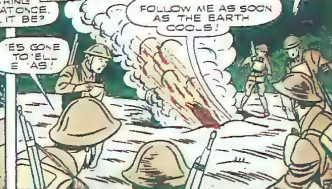
I AGREE SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE AT ONCE.
BUT WHAT WILL IT BE?

AFTER STUDYING MAPS, TORCH
GOES TO A REMOTE PART OF
BRITAIN WITH A PICKED REGI-
MENT AND DIVES INTO THE EARTH!

BLIMEY!

FOLLOW ME AS SOON
AS THE EARTH
COOLS!

IT'S GONE
TO 'ELL
E AS!



DOWN INTO THE EARTH, TO A
POINT BELOW THE OCEAN
FLOOR, TORCH BORES A PASS-
AGE, THEN ZOOMS UPWARD,
UNTIL HE IS DIRECTLY UNDER
SUB MARINER'S KINGDOM.

NOW, UP WE GO
INTO ONE OF THE
SHELTERS!

SOME
TUNNEL,
WHAT?

SIMPLY
RIPPING!

BUT A PHOTO-ELECTRIC EYE, SEN-
SATIVE TO HEAT, SIGNALS A
WARNING TO SUB MARINER!

INTENSE WAVE
OF HEAT
APPROACHING.
EHP THAT MEANS
THE TORCH!

FIRST WE'LL FILL THE
SHELTERS WITH
WATER...

SUB MARINER TURNS ON TURBINES
WHICH RUSH THE WATER INTO THE
TUNNEL THAT TORCH FORGED!

THEN WE'LL SEND OUT A
SERIES OF SMALL WHIRL-
POOLS, JUST ENOUGH TO
KICK H.M. AND WHO-
EVER'S WITH H.M.
AROUND THAT
TUNNEL HE'S
BORING!

WHAT
THE?

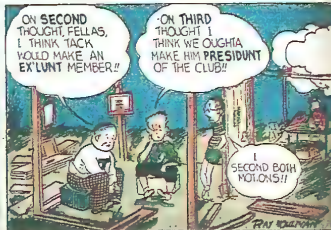
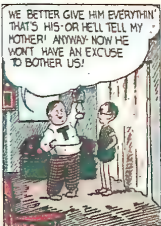
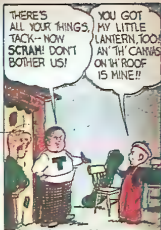
HELP!
I'M DROWNING!

AGHRR...

TORCH'S BODY, BURNING A
HOLE INTO THE SHELTER
FLOOR UNLEASHES A RAGING
TORRENT THAT CRASHES UPON
H.M. AND ROARS DOWN THE
PASSAGE. WHIRLPOOLS
CHURNING THROUGH THE TUN-
NEL SPRING TRAPPED OCCU-
PANTS AGAINST JAGGED ROCKS!

CONTINUED IN
PART TWO.

TUBBY TACK



HUMAN TORCH

"I CAN ONLY BORE A HOLE INTO THE CEILING BEFORE THE WATER RISES AND DOUGS MY FLAME!"

PART II

ONE WAY PASSAGE! AND THE WARDER AT THE GATE IS DEATH COME TO CLAIM HIS TOLL! WITH THE EN-TIRE REGIMENT, WIPE-OUT, TORCH MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE! UP HE SWINGS, OUT OF THE ROARING WATERS, AND HIS BODY FLAMES AS HE CLINGS TO THE CEILING OF THE TUNNEL.... BUT DEATH LAUGHS! LAUGHS AND WAITS!!

The HUMAN TORCH BATTLES THE SUB-MARINER AS THE WORLD FACES DESTRUCTION.

THIS BODY SLASHES THROUGH THE SOLID ROCK CEILING!

NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT TILL THE WATER STOPS RUSHING!

I'M ABOVE THE PASSAGE CEILING! NOW TO SEAL UP THE HOLE BELOW ME WITH MOLTEN ROCK!

AT LAST, SUB MARINER SHUTS OFF THE WATER.

THAT'S THAT! NOW TO SEAL THE PASSAGE BE-IND ME SO HE CAN'T USE IT TO ATTACK BRITAIN

...THAT WASHES UP THE TORCH! THINK I'LL GO TO THE ROOM OF MANY MIRRORS AND TRY ON MY NEW UNIFORM!

SAFELY NESTLED ABOVE THE CEILING, HE SHUTS OFF HIS FLAME!



RESPLENDENT IN WHITE, THE SECOND NAPOLEON INDULGES HIS INFLATED VANTY!

MY VICTORY UNIFORM! IF GOERING EVER SAW IT, HE'D TURN GREEN WITH ENVY!

HE WOULD-BE CONQUEROR DROPS HIS DIGNITY, AS ANY MAN WILL DO WHEN HE'S HIT IN THE PANTS WITH A FIRE-BALL!

YEW!

YOUR NEXT UNIFORM, NAP, WILL BE MADE OF CEDAR! A NICE NEW COFFIN!

IM GOING TO FRY YOU IN YOUR OWN FAT!

NO! NO! GIVE ME A CHANCE! FIGHT ME, MAN TO MAN!

TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME----

OKAY! BUT ON ONE CONDITION! IF I LUCK YOU, YOU GIVE UP YOUR PLAN FOR WORLD CONQUEST!

AGREED! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

THAT'S ONE FOR TORO! WHERE DID YOU PUT HIM?

WOW!

POW!

HE'S IN A DUNGEON! AND WHEN IM THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO OCCUPY AN ADJOINING ROOM, JUST LIKE IT!

OOF!

SUB MARINER CHARGES TO FINISH THE TORCH. THE LATTER STRAIGHTENS UP, SWINGING FROM THE FLOOR!



SUDDENLY, A DOOR OPENS, ADMITTING RATHIA.

YOU WIN THE FIRST ROUND, TORCH. BUT I'LL TAKE THE NEXT! RAISE YOUR HANDS!



PRESSING THE TRIGGER, RATHIA SQUIRTS A JET OF FIRE EXTINGUISHING CHEMICAL!

TRY MELTING THE SELLERS! SOLDIERS, COME HERE!



STILL SOAKED WITH THE CHEMICAL, TORCH STRUGGLES TO FIGHT!

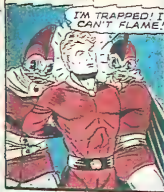
EXECUTE HIM AT ONCE!

SILLY?

I'M TRAPPED! I CAN'T FLAME!

NO! STOP! THAT WOULD BE SILLY.

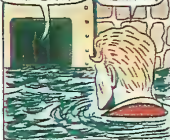
OF COURSE! WE'LL MAKE AN EXCELLENT TOOL! WE'LL HAVE HIM THROWN INTO A DUNGEON! AND THEN I'LL GO TO WORK ON HIM! WATCH!



TORCH IS HURLED INTO A DUNGEON FILLED WITH WATER DESIGNED TO PREVENT HIM FROM FLAMING!

TORCH!
THIS IS
SUB MARINER!
HUNGRY?

YES
MUCH AS I
HATE TO
ADMIT IT!



THE TRAY
FLOATS! EAT
HEARTY!

BROILED
LOBSTER!
MASHED POTATOES!
BOY! SWELL MEAL
FOR A PRISONER
OF WAR!



THE POOL! IF HE ONLY
KNEW THAT DAY AFTER
DAY HIS MEALS WILL
CONTAIN A DRUG THAT
WILL GRADUALLY
BREAK HIS
WILL!



WITH THE TIME FOR HIS WORLD
BLITZ DRAWING NEAR, SUB-
MARINER DECIDES TO TEST
THE DRUG...

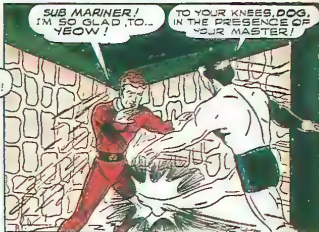
EMPTY THE
DUNGEON OF
WATER!

YES,
SIRE!



SUB MARINER!
I'M SO GLAD TO...
YEOW!

TO YOUR KNEES, DOG.
IN THE PRESENCE OF
YOUR MASTER!



THE DRUG WORKS!

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
OFFEND YOU,
MASTER!

WE SHALL
SEE! RISE!
I HAVE AN
IMPORTANT
DUTY FOR
YOU TO
PERFORM!



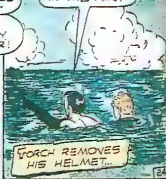
WELTERED IN A DMING HEL-
MET, TORCH IS LED TO
THE SURFACE...

MY LOOKOUTS HAVE SPOTTED
A CONVOYED, BRITISH, MUNI-
TIONS SHIP...
WANT YOU TO
DESTROY IT!

I HEAR
AND OBEY,
MASTER!



THERE IT IS! GET ON
MY SHOULDERS AND
JUMP! YOU CAN
FLAME WHEN YOU'RE
IN THE AIR!



TORCH REMOVES
HIS HELMET...

USING SUB MARINER AS A "SPRING-BOARD," TORCH LEAVES THE WATER AND FLAMES!

CONVOY,
WERE I
COME!

CONVOY PLANE ATTACKS
HIM BUT...

NOW TO
GET THAT
SHIP!

AIE-E-E! I'M
ROASTING!

DOWN HURTLES SUB MARINER'S
SLAVE! A TERRIBLE PROJECTILE
OF DESTRUCTION BORING INTO
THE VITALS OF THE MUNITIONS
VESSEL AND IGNITING HER
CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES!

BLAM!

WOW!
WHAT A
FOURTH OF JULY
SALUTE THAT
WOULD MAKE!

HOW DID
YOU LIKE
THE
FIREWORKS?

YOU MET THE ACID
TEST! NOW I'LL SHOW
YOU MY UNDERSEA
ARMY, AND THE
GREATEST COLLECTION
OF SECRET
WEAPONS EVER DEVI-
SED BY MAN,
COME!

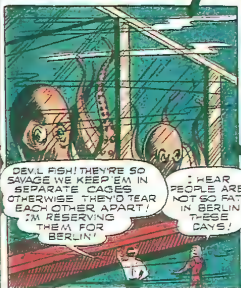
TORCH RETURNS TO
HIS MASTER...

SUB-MARINER PROUDLY EXHIBITS THE ARMED
MIGHT OF THE UNDERSEA WORLD!

THERE GOES ONE
OF MY RADIO-CONTROLLED
PANZER DIVISIONS!

COLUMN--
RIGHT!

WOW



DEVIL FISH! THEY'RE SO
SAVAGE WE KEEP 'EM IN
SEPARATE CAGES
OTHERWISE THEY'D TEAR
EACH OTHER APART!
I'M RESERVING
THEM FOR
BERLIN!

I HEAR
PEOPLE ARE
NOT SO FAT
IN BERLIN
THESE
DAYS!

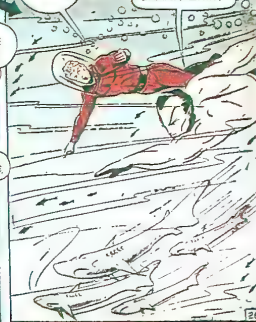
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT
TO YOU, MASTER!
THIS SET-UP IS
TERRIFIC!

YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN ANYTHING
YET, LOOK!



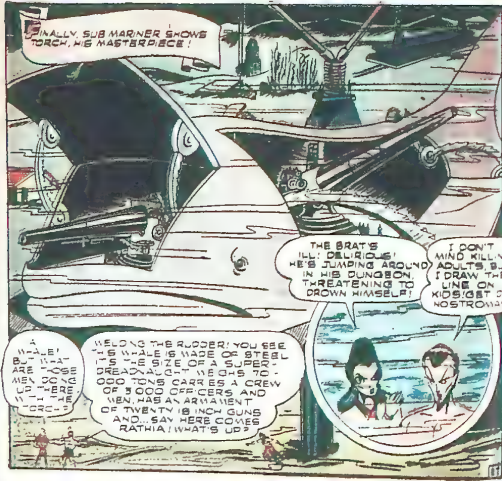
HEY! MAN-
EATING
SHARKS!

NOT QUITE!
JUST SUICIDE SQUAD
SOLDIERS CAMOU-
FLAGED WITH
SHARK SKIN!





YOU SAW ONE OF
THESE BEFORE: WE
HAVE THOUSANDS OF 'EM!
ENOUGH TO MAKE THE
SEVEN SEAS FLOOD
THE EARTH!



FINALLY, SUB MARINER SHOWS
TORCH, HIS MASTERPIECE!

THE BRAT'S
ILL! DELIRIOUS!
HE'S JUMPING AROUND
IN HIS DUNGEON,
THREATENING TO
DROWN HIMSELF!

I DON'T
MIND KILLING
ADULTS, BUT
I DRAW THE
LINE ON
KIDS! GET ON
NOSTROMO!

A
WHALE!
BUT WHAT
ARE THOSE
MEN DOING
UP THERE
WITH THE
"GROG"

WELONG THE RUDDER! YOU SEE
THIS WHALE IS MADE OF STEEL!
IT'S THE SIZE OF A SUPER-
DREADNAUGHT! WEIGHS 70-
000 TONS! CARRIES A CREW
OF 5 000 OFFICERS AND
MEN, HAS AN ARMAMENT
OF TWENTY 18 INCH GUNS
AND... SAY HERE COMES
RATHIA! WHAT'S UP?



THEY RUSH TO THE CELL BLOCK WHICH RE-SOUNDS TO INSANE LAUGHTER!

I'M FLYING HIGH!
WAY UP IN THE SKY!
JUST LIKE A FLY!
HA! HA! HA!

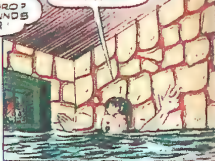
TAKE A LOOK
DOC, TORO SEEMS
IN PRETTY BAD
SHAPE!

TORO? TORO?
NAME SOUNDS
FAMILIAR!



WHAT THE DOCTOR SEES THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLE

I'M HOT! I'M COLD
IF I KEEP SPLASH'G
I'LL GET COLD!
HA HA HA



CHILLS AND FEVER!
ALSO DELIRIUM!
TAKE HIM OUT
AT ONCE! HE
MUST BE
REMOVED
TO THE
UNDERSEA
HOSPITAL!

IN THE
HOSPITAL

HE FAINTED
TEMPERATURE 105!
THIS LAD'S
GOT PNEUMONIA!
PROBABLY CAUGHT IN
THAT WATER FILL-
ED CELL!

HMM?
WE'LL TAKE
GOOD CARE
OF HIM



A SPARK OF RECOGNITION LIGHTS THE DRUGGED TORO'S EYES

TORO! KID! WHAT'S
THE... OW! YES
MASTER..

GO TO
YOUR
CELL
SLAVE



THOUGHS PASS. TORO TOSSES IN FIT-
FUL SLUMBER. DEATH IS CLOSE!

POOR THING! ALL BECAUSE
MEN MUST WAGE WAR
AGAINST ONE ANOTHER!



THE NURSE GASPS OUT THE STORY OF THE ESCAPE...

HE SEARCHES HIGH AND LOW

DOWN ON THE BRITISH COAST

SO YOU WERE SLEEPING SHIP BACK TO THE KITCHEN FOR YOU! THAT'S WHERE WOMEN BELONG ANYWAY!

NOT A TRACE OF HIM!

WHAT'S THAT LYING ON THE BEACH? WHY IT'S A BOY! WASHED ASHORE!

ALIVE! BUT BURNING UP WITH FEVER! HAVE TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL... FAST!

London... CASEY VISITS TORO...

DELIRIOUS! HE CRIED OUT SEVERAL NAMES, INCLUDING YOURS. THAT'S WHY WE FETCHED YOU! KNOW HIM?

SURE! IT'S TORO!

SOME FISHING!

THE TIME FOR THE WORLD SUITZ HAS COME! I WILL ATTACK FROM THE SOUTH! YOU, TORO, WILL ATTACK FROM THE NORTH OUT OF THE ARCTIC. ARE THE LEGIONS OF THE SEA READY?

LET'S GO THEN!

WHERE'S TORO, KID? TRY TO THINK!

HE-HE'S WITH SUB MARINER, DOWN IN THE SEA! HA! HA! MAYBE THEY'VE GONE FISHING!

ALL SET!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO GIBRALTAR, CRAGGY GUARDIAN OF BRITAIN'S MEDITERRANEAN "LIFE LINE"



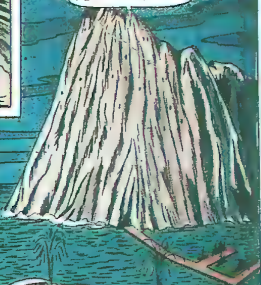
A LOOKOUT ON THE ROCK SEES SOMETHING STRANGE...

WHALES, HO!
LOOK AT 'EM
BLOW!



WHALES, INDEED! STEEL WHALES! CLEVERLY MADE TO BLOW WATER LIKE REAL ONES AND GO INTO ACTION LIKE A BATTLESHIP! SO CAREFULLY ARE THEY DISGUISED, THAT THE GIBRALTAR LOOKOUT DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THEM FOR THE MENACE THAT THEY ARE!

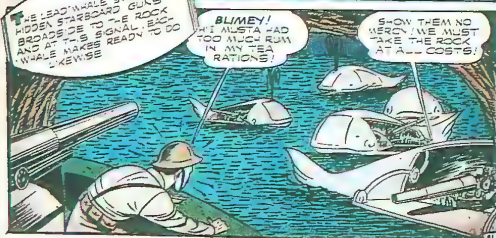
FRIENDLY, HANT THEY?
COME TO PAY US A
VISIT! HAW! HAW!



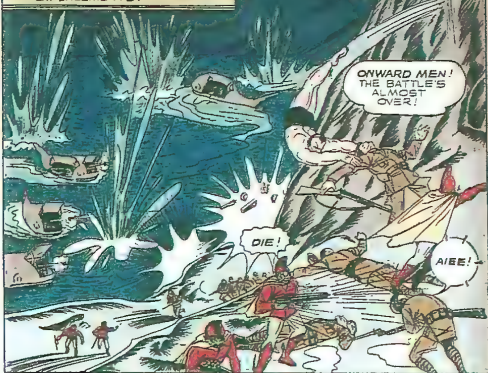
THE LEAD WHALE SWINGS ITS HIDDEN STARBOARD GUNS BROADSIDE TO THE ROCK AND AT THIS SIGNAL, EACH WHALE MAKES READY TO DO LIKEWISE

BLIMEY!
I'VE ALUSTA HAD
TOO MUCH RUM
IN MY TEA
RATIONS!

SHOW THEM NO
MERCY! WE MUST
TAKE THE ROCK
AT ALL COSTS!



SUDDENLY THE JAWS OF THE "WHALES" OPEN! THEIR "TEETH" ARE POWERFUL NAVAL GUNS! AS SUB MARINER'S INFANTRY SWARMS UP THE ROCKS, THE WHALE CANNON HURLS A PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF STEEL THAT BLAST THE BRITISH GUN EMPLACEMENTS!



THE BRITISH GARRISON, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, SURRENDERS!

I NEVER DREAMT I'D EVER HAND MY SWORD TO AN ENEMY!

THE FORTUNES OF WAR GENERAL!



ROME - MUSSOLINI GETS WIND OF THE FALL OF GIBRALTER!

THE NAZIS MUST HAVE PULLED THE TRICK! SEND OUR SUBMARINE FLEET THERE! WE'LL HELP HITLER AS WE DID IN FRANCE! MIGHT AS WELL CASH IN ON ANOTHER GERMAN VICTORY!



100 THE MISTAKEN BELIEF THAT NAZIS HAVE OCCUPIED GIBRALTAR, ITALIAN SUBMARINES HURRY TO THE SCENE TO BORROW SOME OF THE GLORY...

KEELS OF 6
SIGHTED &
STOP W.
SIGNAL

BUT SUB MARINER HAS NO DESIRE TO SHARE THE GLORY! HE ORDERS HIS WHOLE FLEET TO DIVE AND A TERRIFIC UNDERSEA-BATTLE ENSUES. THE ITALIAN SUBMARINES TAKE FLIGHT; TWO OF THEM COLLIDING IN THEIR HASTE TO ESCAPE... SUB MARINER SLAMS ONE AGAINST A ROCK, AND TORPEDOES FINISH THE JOB!

BAM!

THIS IS THE WAY TO
TREAT MUSSY'S
JACKALS!

SPEDDING TO THE RESCUE OF GIBRALTER
BRITAIN'S MEDITERRANEAN FLEET ENGAGES
THE WHALES AND PUTS UP A FINE FIGHT!
DESPERATELY, SUB-MARINER ISSUES
A SHARP COMMAND...

THOUSAND OF HUMAN SHARKS
SKIM ACROSS THE SHELL-
CHURNED WATERS UNDERSEA
FIGHTERS IN DISGUISE!

SHOCK TROOPS
BOARD THE
ENEMY!

WE'RE ALMOST
UPON THEM, AND
THEY HAVEN'T FIRED
A SHOT AT US-
WE'VE FOOLED
THE BRITISH!

THIS SCENE IS REPEATED ABOARD
A DOZEN BRITISH SHIPS!

SURRENDER!
OR DIE!

HA! THE WHOLE BRITISH
FLEET HAS SURRENDERED!
I CONTROL THE MEDI-
TERRANEAN! I! NOW BEFORE
I ATTACK EUROPE, I
MUST COVER THE REAR
BY ATTACKING
AFRICA!

WE'VE
BEEN CAUGHT
NAPPING! HOLD YOUR
FIRE... WE GIVE UP...

OUR MARINER PREPARES TO UNLEASH THE FULL FURY OF THE TURBINES ON AFRICA!

OKAY, MEN... LET 'EM SPIN!

RISE FROM THE SEA, A GIANT TIDAL WAVE SWEEPS SOUTHWARD ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT... AFRICA!

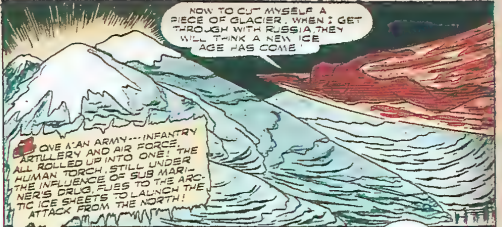
MOROCCO, LIBYA, EGYPT... ALL OF NORTHERN AFRICA FALLS BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE TURBINES! THE DELUGE THUNDERS UPON THE JUNGLES, FLATTENING THE TREES LIKE TOOTH-ROCKS! BUT MA-ZAR IS READY! WITH A LOW RUMBLE, HIS GREAT ARK LOADED TO THE GUNNELS WITH WILD BEASTS, SHOUDERS AS IT TAKES THE FULL SHOCK OF THE TIDAL WAVE REELS, THEN RIGHTS ITSELF... AND FLOATS, BREASTING THE STORM!

AIEEE!

KAROOO!

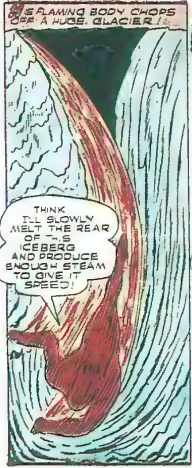
W-A-H-O-O!

"THE WAVE OUGHT TO SPEND ITSELF BY THE TIME WE REACH CAPE TOWN! AND I'VE ENOUGH PROVISIONS TO CARRY US BEYOND THAT POINT... LUCKY THE TORCH WARNED ME



NOW TO CUT MYSELF A
PIECE OF GLACIER. WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH RUSSIA THEY
WILL THINK A NEW ICE
AGE HAS COME!

ONE A'AN ARMY---INFANTRY
ARTILLERY AND AIR FORCE.
ALL ROLLED UP INTO ONE! THE
HUMAN TORCH, STILL UNDER
THE INFLUENCE OF SUB MAR-
INE'S DRUG, FLIES TO THE ARCTIC
ICE SHEETS TO LAUNCH THE
ATTACK FROM THE NORTH!



HIS FLAMING BODY CHOPS
OFF A HUGE GLACIER!



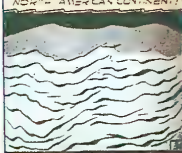
TEAM RISES FROM THE
DENT CAUSED BY HIS
BLAZING BODY...

CAMON
ICEBERG!
STEP ON
IT!

THINK
I'LL SLOWLY
MELT THE REAR
OF THIS
ICEBERG
AND PRODUCE
ENOUGH STEAM
TO GIVE IT
SPEED!

HEAR IT ROAR! IT'S
DOING SIXTY MILES
AN HOUR WITH GAS
TO SPARE! MOSCOW
HERE WE COME!

"BUT UNKNOWN TO THE TORCH
THE HEAT OF HIS BODY
DETACHED ANOTHER
GLACIER FROM THE ICE-
SHEET. FROM THE TOP OF
THE WORLD, IT SLOWLY
RUMBLER HEADED FOR THE
NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT!



A MIGHTY JUGGERNAUT OF ICE, PROPELLED BY TORCH, SMASHES EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH... AND WITH IT MARCHES ONE, WHOSE GHASTLY VISAGE WILL BE KNOWN TO EUROPE FOR MONTHS TO COME!

FIRST WAR. NOW THIS! WON'T IT EVER STOP?

HELP! HELP!

NEVER!
HA! HA!
NEVER!

MEANWHILE, ON RUSSIA'S CENTRAL FRONT...

THIS REPORT SAYS A GLACIER IS DESTROYING HUNDREDS OF RED VILLAGES! IT WILL PROBABLY MELT BY THE TIME IT REACHES THE SOUTH!

THANK I'LL CONCENTRATE ALL MY DIVISIONS ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT WITH THE RED ARMY DEMORALIZED BY BAD NEWS FROM HOME! VICTORY SHOULD BE MINE!

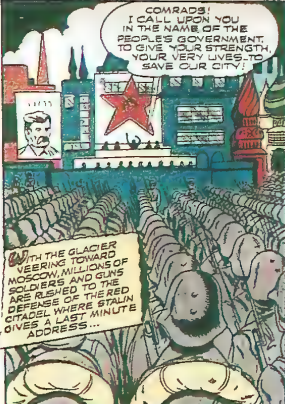
O- NO ADOLPH! THE FINAL VICTORY SHALL BE MINE!

THE SOUTHERN FRONT FLAMES, AS HITLER LAUNCHES AN ALL OUT DRIVE AT THE UKRAINE, AND THE REDS FALL BACK!

HERE'S A POTATO MASHER FOR YOU!

I'LL RIP YOU APART!





COMRADES!
I CALL UPON YOU
IN THE NAME OF THE
PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT,
TO GIVE YOUR STRENGTH,
YOUR VERY LIVES, TO
SAVE OUR CITY!

WITH THE GLACIER
VEERING TOWARD
MOSCOW, MILLIONS OF
SOLDIERS AND GUNS
ARE RUSHED TO THE
DEFENSE WHERE STALIN
GIVES A LAST MINUTE
ADDRESS...

RED SAPPERS PLANT DYNAMITE
ON THE ROAD TO MOSCOW.

HURRY, PETER!
THE GLACIER
IS COMING!

BE WITH YOU AS
SOON AS I
CONNECT
THIS WIRE!

THE GLACIER ROARS DOWN
THE HIGHWAY, DYNAMITE
CHARGES ARE EXPLODED! THEY
SPLIT THE MOUNTAIN OF ICE INTO
THREE SMALLER BERGS!

PRETTY GOOD! BUT NOT
GOOD ENOUGH! THESE BERGS
ARE BIG ENOUGH TO S-OVE
MOSCOW UNDERGROUND!

MOSCOW'S DEFENSE ARTILLERY
ROARS A CHALLENGE TO THE
ON COMING ICEBERGS!

FIRE!

BOOM!

FIRST
I'VE GOT TO
CLEAR THE AIR
OF THESE
PESTS!

A HIT!

YEOW! I'M
BURNING!

OUT OF THE BIG GUNS AND
DOWN FROM THE RED-STARRED
BOMBERS, TONS OF HIGH EX-
PLOSIONS SHRIEK THROUGH
THE SKY, TEARING GREAT
CHUNKS OF ICE FROM THE
GLACIERS! TORCH ZOOMS UP
WARD TO DEFEND HIS ARCTIC
STEAMROLLERS!

BLAM!

HAVING ATTAINED SUPREMACY
OF THE AIR, THE TORCH
FLIES AHEAD OF THE
GLACIERS...

NOW TO SPEAK
THOSE GUNS

SO THIS IS MOSCOW!
SAY! WHAT'S THAT FLYING
FROM THAT EMBASSY
BUILDING... WHY IT'S...

THE STARS AND STRIPES!
BEAUTIFUL FLAG!
HEY! IT'S MY
FLAG!

SHOCKED TO THE CORE AT THE SIGHT OF HIS FLAG, TORCH DESCENDS, DOUBING HIS FLAME AND SALUTES!



SEEMS AGES SINCE I DID THIS! AND TO THINK I ALMOST FORGOT!

MEMORY TRICKLES BACK INTO HIS BRAIN...

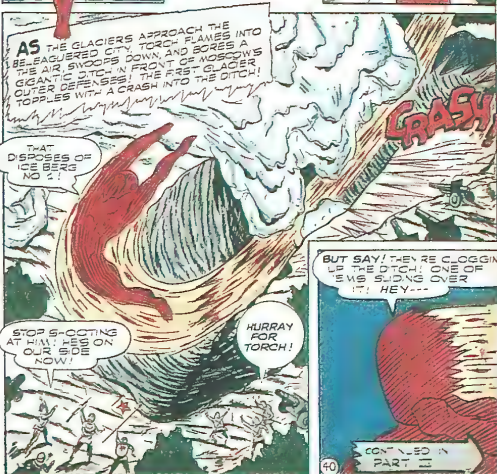
GUESS I FORGOT EVERYTHING DECENT! FIGHTING THE ALLIES! ME! I MUST HAVE BEEN DRUGGED!



WELL, THE STUFF'S WORN OFF! I'M NO LONGER SUB MARINER'S SLAVE! I'M AN AMERICAN! HEY! WHAT'S THAT RUMBLE? THOSE GLACIERS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



AS THE GLACIERS APPROACH THE BE-LEAGUERED CITY, TORCH FLAMES INTO THE AIR, SWOOPS DOWN, AND BORES A GIANTIC DITCH IN FRONT OF MOSCOW'S OUTER DEFENSES! THE FIRST GLACIER TOPPLES WITH A CRASH INTO THE DITCH!



THAT DISPOSES OF ICE BERG NO 2!

STOP S-SHOOTING AT HIM! HE'S ON OUR SIDE NOW!

HURRAY FOR TORCH!

CRASH!

BUT SAY! THEY'RE CLOGGING UP THE DITCH! ONE OF 'EMS SIDDING OVER IT! HEY---



CONT'NED IN PART II

Murder In The Underground

INSPECTOR HORATIO CROWN
COMES TO A WEIGHTY

CONCLUSION!

By Bill Jay

INSPECTOR HORATIO CROWN, one of the fattest as well as one of the shrewdest men at New Scotland Yard, cast a wary eye at the moon. Despite his 300 pounds, Mr. Crown was a man of sentiment and, at any other time but this, the full moon would have fetched a sigh from the very depths of him. But Mr. Crown did not sigh. He cursed. For now England was at war, and a full moon, even with most of the Luftwaffe concentrated on the Russian front, might well mean an air-raid. Might? Mr. Crown had barely dropped his gaze when the wail of a siren, like the wail of a lost soul, came beating against his ear-drums!

WHO-O-O-O-O-O!

BLAM!

The "show" had started.

DOWN IN THE Underground, people weren't talking. Unless you shouted it was almost impossible to make yourself heard in the bedlam that came from upstairs.

The underground is the place for pantomime, and a sharp-eyed Cockney near Mr. Crown indulged in this privilege by grinning and holding up two fingers in the famous "V" sign. Others grinned, too, and some of the tenseness that always follows the air-raid signal began to melt.

BLAM! TAC-TAC-TAC-TAC! WHO-O-O-O-O-O!

It seemed to Mr. Crown that he had been seated on the hard floor of the station platform for at least half an hour. He looked at his watch. Four minutes, that was all. Just four.

"HELP!"

It barely cut through the noise, but Mr. Crown caught it—the voice of a human being in mortal terror!

"Blimey!" cried the Cockney in Mr. Crown's left ear. Mr. Crown leaped with unexpected nimbleness to the edge of the platform, dropped to the tracks, and whirled to face the tunnel darkness. Without hesitation, he plunged into it.

He had not progressed more than twenty yards across the ties when something white materialized in the darkness, too fast for Mr. Crown to see it. It was a human fist. It landed flush on the fat detective's jaw. The back of Mr. Crown's head hit the tunnel wall, and the darkness of the tunnel became darker still.

WHEN MR. CROWN opened his eyes, the Cockney who had made the "V" sign was bending over him. "Blighter got away, guv'nor," he said. "H'i saw 'im running out of the tunnel, but 'e tripped me up. Couldn't see much of 'is face. 'E dashed right through the crowd and up to the street, afore anyone could stop 'im. Didn't give a rap about the bombs. Guess 'e was in a hurry!"

"Guess he was," remarked Mr. Crown dryly, as he rose. "Now what the devil was he doing here?" A sudden thought made ice trickle down his spine. "Sabotage?"

The thin beam of Mr. Crown's electric torch leaped from his plump hand and probed the tunnel. Mr. Crown gasped. For on the ties was not an infernal machine, but a man, and to all appearances the man was dead!

"Blimey!" exclaimed the Cockney.

The handle of a knife gleamed dully above his chest.

Mr. Crown's torch darted from the knife to the face. It was a lean face, hard and brown. The clothing indicated the deceased had been a seaman. Mr. Crown ran expert hands through the pockets. A locker key, some shillings, but nothing else. The torch made a quick but thorough survey of the corpse, lingered on the right hand, lingered and stayed there. The hand was clenched into a fist, as if it were holding something. Forcing open the fingers, Mr. Crown drew away something small and round and grey. It was a button, slightly chipped. He pressed it reflectively. "H'll be—!" The button had cracked into four pieces in his hand!

"Queer," he muttered, as he straightened up. "Queer," he was still muttering as, the air-raid over, he was making his way toward the grim cluster of buildings known as New Scotland Yard.

IT WAS PURELY yard routine that the photograph of the murdered seaman should be sent to the Foreign Office, among other places. But it was not routine that the Foreign Office should have any connection with the case. It had. There it was, all written down on a sheet of blue paper. Mr. Crown scanned the report for the third time.

"Deceased — Allan Smythe, British agent. Assigned in Berlin to obtain latest German code key. Last report filed indicated he was on the trail.

"On the trail!" Mr. Crown smiled whimsically. What a world of meaning three words can hold.

He hired a cab and when he alighted, the aroma of coffee and tea and spice and oil enveloped him. He had reached East India Dock.

Road. He moved without haste past a ship with the Stars-and-Stripes painted on its side, and another big liner loaded with refugees and bound for New York, but he stopped in front of a dirty little tramp steamer, just out of Africa with a load of ivory and tin. Most of the crew were on shore leave, apparently, but the captain was in his cabin. Mr. Crown showed him a photograph of the murdered secret agent.

The captain raised his eyebrows. "Smythe, you say? I knew him as Able Seaman Williams. Decent fellow. Quiet—except for that little russle he had a few days ago."

"Tussle?" The padding of fat on Mr. Crown's face rippled with excitement. "With whom?"

The captain smiled. "Another sailor—named Bennett. It was nothing. Just a fo'ble row—"

Mr. Crown cut him short. "Is Bennett on shore leave?"

"He was. But he returned to the ship a little while ago. I'll send for him."

Bennett was a hefty customer, with a cool eye and a cool smile. When he learned who Mr. Crown was, he exhibited the smile. His fight with Able Seaman Williams, he said, was of little consequence. An argument over a debt. He and Williams had shaken hands over it later. As Bennett spoke, calmly, assuredly, Mr. Crown's eyes slid over him. Wearing a jacket, but the buttons were blue. The button in the dead man's hand was grey...

"Do you wear a grey jacket, by any chance?" Mr. Crown asked suddenly.

Bennett didn't bat an eye. "No."

Suddenly Mr. Crown's hand leaped out, closed over the blue button and tore it off Bennett's jacket. Bennett recoiled, then laughed. "Button, button, who has the button?" he said. "Kind of a game, eh?"

Mr. Crown nodded grimly. "Queer game—that coat you're wearing was made in Germany!"

The smile died on Bennett's lips, and his eyes swung away, like the eyes of a rat seeking the rarest rat-hole. "You—you're crazy!" The words came out of him in jerks. "It—it's British-made! I—I wouldn't wear—anything else!"

Mr. Crown held up his hand. In the palm lay the blue button, or what was left of it, six broken pieces, shattered by his fingers. He muttered a word, the German word for "imitation."

Ersatz," he said, quietly. "Nearly all German-made clothes, except uniforms, are ersatz!"

With a bellow of rage, Bennett flung himself at Mr. Crown. Instinctively, the detective ducked, but that was futile, for Bennett was aiming lower.

The punch caught Mr. Crown at the belt-line and, quite appropriately, Mr. Crown said: "Oof!" As Bennett, knocking aside the startled captain with a swipe of his fist, made for the door, Mr. Crown's hand tugged at a pocket, whipped out an automatic, and pressed the trigger.

The gun spat flame, and smoke curled up to the doorway, and Bennett paused, grasping his shoulder. But he stopped only for a split-second then dashed down the passageway.

Mr. Crown's movements may be best described as elephantine, but, on occasion, an elephant can travel fast. Mr. Crown traveled precisely that way. He paused just once, to empty the automatic, but the elusive Bennett had plunged out of sight.

"Wager a quid the dirty spy's headed for his bunk!" gasped Mr. Crown, as he lumbered down narrow stairs. "He'll probably try to destroy the code book he stole when he killed Smythe—that or his own!"

When he landed at the foot of the companion-way, Mr. Crown heard a door slam. He lunged toward the door.

Ping!

Splinters flew as a bullet pierced the door and whistled uncomfortably close to Mr. Crown's right ear. Mr. Crown drew back a size 12 shoe and drove it at the door. The door swung violently inward, to the accompaniment of another shot, and Mr. Crown felt lead burn a crease in his scalp.

Bennett's mouth formed a tight smile as he took deliberate aim. He fired at point-blank range, but Mr. Crown, although a perfect target at any range, dropped like a sack of potatoes, and the slug buried itself in the wall behind him. Before Bennett could fire another shot, Mr. Crown's big fist, with 300 pounds behind it, swung up from the floor and slammed against the Nazi spy's jaw. The spy's face seemed to blur. He tottered a moment, then fell into Mr. Crown's waiting arms, just as the captain entered the room.

"REMEMBER," SAID MR. Crown, giving the time-honored warning, as he rode with his manacled prisoner in the Yard van, "anything you say will be used against you!"

Bennett—the name, of course, was an alias—shrugged resignedly. "You've got me right, so why quibble? When the Gestapo learned that Smythe had gotten hold of the new code book, I was assigned to retrieve it. He took a roundabout way, 'Smythe' did—I picked up the trail in Africa! I signed articles on the same ship at Cape Town. When I saw my chance, I tried to kill him in his bunk, but he slept with one eye open. I had to kill him—but had to wait till we landed to get him. Too bad I had to knife him, but he was obstinate." The spy spat out an oath. "Most of you Britishers are!"

Mr. Crown grinned and raised two fat fingers that formed the letter "V." "Right-o!" he said smugly, as the van rolled into the Yard.

THE END

The
**HUMAN
TORCH
BATTLES
THE
SUB-
MARINER**

**AS THE
WORLD
FACES
DESTRUCTION.**

**AS TORCH FLINGS
HIS BODY DOWN-
WARD, RADIATING
BLAST FURNACE
HEAT, THE GLA-
CIERE MIES, HURL-
ING TONS OF
WATER INTO THE
DITCH...**

**BET T-S STEAM
COULD RUN
A TRAIN!**

**WITH MOSCOW SAVED,
TORCH SHUTS OFF HIS
FLAME... A RED ARMY
OFFICER RUNS UP TO HIM!**

**YOU ARE
WANTED AT
ONCE AT THE
AMERICAN
EMBASSY!**

**GOSH!
HOPE I
HAVEN'T
CAUSED
ANY MORE
TROUBLE!**

-AT THE EMBASSY-

LONDON CALLING...

**OUR TWO WAY
SHORT WAVE
RADIO HAS
JUST PICKED
UP A CALL
FROM A
REPORTER
NAMED CASEY
IN LONDON
ASKING FOR
YOU**

**OKAY!
I'LL TALK
TO HIM!**

**I'VE BEEN PAGING
YOU FROM NEW YORK
TO TIMESLOCOT!
TORCH'S SERIOUSLY
ILL IN A LONDON
HOSPITAL!**

**POOR
KO,
I'LL
COME!**

**JUST A SECOND! MORE
BAD NEWS! A FLASH
FROM CANADA... A GI-
GANTIC GLACIER, SOUTH
SLOID IS SWEEPING
OVER HUDSON BAY-
ON ITS WAY TO
THE UNITED STATES!**

**BET I CAUSED IT
I'M GOING TO
CANADA TO
GET HEAD IT
OFF!**

3

TORCH'S RADIO CONVERSATION WITH CASEY IS INTERCEPTED BY A STEEL WHALE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN!

SO HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSING ME, EHP? I'M GOING TO CANADA TOO... TO HEAD HIM OFF! YOU TAKE OVER, RATHIA!

...GOING AT ONCE TO HEAD IT OFF...

I KNEW HE COULDN'T BE TRUSTED!

THE TORCH REACHES CANADA!

THERE'S THE GLACIER! IT'S BIGGER THAN THE OTHER! NOW TO SUCE IT UP!

WHEN FIRE MEETS ICE... THE BIG ICE-BERG DIVIDES IN HALF AS TORCH CRACKS DOWN, RED HOT!

MELTING FAST! NOW TO CUT THESE TWO SLICES INTO SMALLER SLICES!

CRACK!

SO HE WANTS TO SAVE AMERICA, EHP? I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO WAVE THE FLAG ABOUT!

SUDDENLY, UP FROM THE TORRENT FLOWING FROM THE MELTING ICE BERGS RISES THE SUB MARINER!

SLIPPING A HUGE CHUNK
FROM ONE OF THE BERGS,
SUB MARINER RAIGGS IT
HIGH OVER HIS HEAD!

IT'S GOT TO
LAND RIGHT ON
HIS DOME!
WHAT A
SNOW-
BALL!

THE HUGE 'SNOWBALL'
MELTS INTO A TERRIFIC
SHOWER OVER THE TORCH!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THE
CLOUD-
BURST?

MY
FLAME'S
GOING OUT!
I'M FALLING!

TORCH FALLS AGAINST THE
SIDE OF THE SOUTH GLACIER,
STUNNED!

I'LL RAM HIM SO DEEP
INTO THAT BERG, HE'LL
THINK HE'S IN AN
'GLOO!

BUT THE TORCH RECOVER-
ING FLAMES!

HOW DO
YOU LIKE
THE
SUN-BURST?

YEOW!

WHAT THE...?
THESE TWO
ICEBERGS ARE
GOING TO
COLLIDE!

WITH AN
EAR-SPLITTING
CRASH THE
TWO TITANS OF
THE ARCTIC
COLLIDE!

I'M GOING
WHILE THE
GONG'S
GOOD!

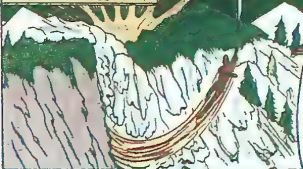
CRASH!

HURLING AHEAD OF THE
TORRENT RUSHING FROM
THE MELTING ICE BERGS.
TORCH CUTS A GORGE
THROUGH A MOUNTAIN!

THIS'LL CARRY THE WATER
TO THAT RIVER AHEAD
OF ME...AND THAT RIVER
RUNS TO THE SEA!

CUTTING BACK, TORCH MELTS
THE ICE BERGS!

ALL THAT'S LEFT
OF THE GLACIER...
JUST ENOUGH ICE TO
COOL A ROUND
OF COCKTAILS!



OLD FLOUNDER
PUBS GOT AWAY!
WELL, I COULDN'T DO
TWO THINGS AT ONCE!
THINK I'LL GO TO
LONDON AND SEE
THE KID!

IN LONDON, HE HURRIES
TO THE HOSPITAL...

SANDBAGS! THAT
MEANS THE NAZIS
HAVE BEEN DROPPING
EGGS! WHAT'S A HOS-
PITAL
TO THEM?

HE HASN'T
PASSED THE CRISIS
SO DON'T STAY
WITH HIM
TOO LONG!

OKAY!
I WON'T!

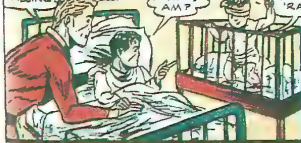


REUNION IN A HOSPITAL!

ORD! LET ME TAKE
YOU TO A NEW YORK
HOSPITAL! IT'D BE
MUCH SAFER WITH
ALL THOSE BOMBS
FALLING!

SEE THAT KID WITH HIS
FINGERS IN THE V SIGN?
WANT ME TO GO
WHILE KIDS LIKE
HIM SEE IT THROUGH?
WHAT KIND OF A
MUG DO YOU
THINK I
AM?

V.V.V.
IS FOR
VICTORY!
RAY!



MEANWHILE, NAPOLEON THE
SECOND RETAINS HIS INSPIRATION.

AS YOU'LL NOTE, GERMANY
HAS NO OUTLET TO THE SEA.
WITH OUR TURBINES, WE'LL
GIVE HER ONE!
HA! HA.



OFF A LONELY SOUTH-EUROPEAN BEACH RISES A TURBINE-DRIVEN WHIRLPOOL, A WATERY TORNADO:



WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PRESSURE, RATHIA, TO CUT A RIVER-BED ALL THE WAY TO BERLIN!

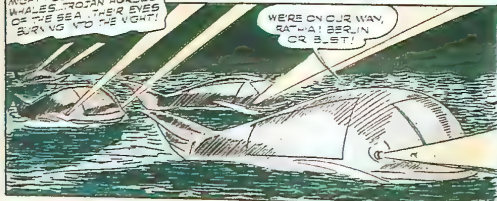
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!

IN ARTIFICIAL RIVER FORMS, RUSHING NORTHWARD FROM THE SEA, UPROOTING EVERYTHING IN ITS RELENTLESS PATH... A PATH THAT BECOMES A CARPET FOR THE CLANGING FEET OF MARS!

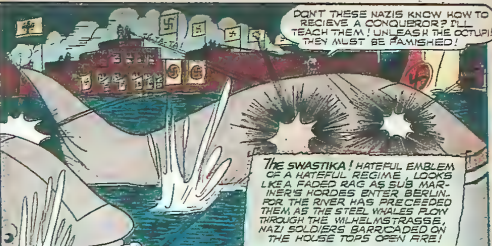


WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE YELLING ABOUT? DON'T THEY KNOW THIS IS WAR? WAR! HA! HA! WAR!

UN THE RIVER SPEEDS A MIGHTY SCHOOL OF STEEL WHALES... TROJAN HORSES OF THE SEA... THEIR EYES BURNING TO THE NIGHT!



WE'RE ON OUR WAY, RATHIA! BERLIN OR BUST!



DON'T THESE NAZIS KNOW HOW TO
RECEIVE A CONQUEROR? I'LL
TEACH THEM! UNLEASH THE OCTUPI!
THEY MUST BE FAWISHED!

*The SWASTIKA! HATEFUL EMBLEM
OF A HATEFUL REGIME, LOOKS
LIKE A FADED RAG AS SUB MAR-
INER'S HORDES ENTER BERLIN.
FOR THE RIVER HAS PRECEDED
THEM AS THE STEEL WHALES FLOW
THROUGH THE WILHELMSTRASSE,
NAZI SOLDIERS BARRICADED ON
THE HOUSE TOPS OPEN FIRE!*

BOOM!

HIMMEL!
THOSE WHALES
ARE ARMORED
LIKE
BATTLESHIPS!

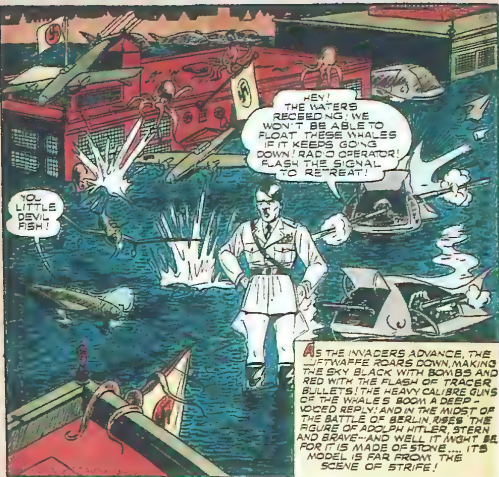
BETTER
DUCK BEFORE
ONE OF THOSE
DEVILS TAKE
A LIKING
TO ME!

GO TO IT
MY PRETTIES!

PING!

HEIL
HITLER!

BERLIN HAS BEEN NO STRANGER TO
HORROR SINCE HITLER CAME INTO POWER!
BUT THE HORROR OF THE OCTUPI EXCEEDS
ANYTHING THAT EVEN GERMANY'S MAD DIC-
TATOR COULD CONCEIVE! OUT OF THEIR
CAGES SUTHER THE MONSTERS OF THE
DEEP POUNCING WITH CRUSHING TENTAC-
LES UPON THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AND
DOLING OUT WHAT MORE THAN ONE VIC-
TIM OF THE NAZI TERROR WOULD CALL,
"POETIC RETRIBUTION!"



AS THE INVADERS ADVANCE, THE LUFTWAFFE ROARS DOWN, MAKING THE SKY BLACK WITH BOMBS AND RED WITH THE FLASH OF TRACER BULLETS! THE HEAVY CALIBRE GUNS OF THE WHALES BOOM A DEEP-VOICED REPLY! AND IN THE MIST OF THE BATTLE OF BERLIN, RISES THE FIGURE OF ADOLPH HITLER, STERN AND BRAVE--AND WELL IT MIGHT BE, FOR IT IS MADE OF STONE.... ITS MODEL IS FAR FROM THE SCENE OF STRIFE!

AS THE WHALES REVERSE THEIR ENGINES, A NAZI PILOT CALLS A NEARBY AIRDROME...

OUTSIDE BERLIN, TORPEDO PLANES TAKING ADVANTAGE OF SUB MARINER'S PREDICAMENT, HARRY THE RETREATING WHALES!



WHALE FLEET RETREATING! ADVISE USE OF TORPEDO PLANES WHEN ENEMY REACHES OUTSKIRTS OF CITY!



WITH MOST OF HIS FLEET
BATTERED BUT INTACT, SUB-
MARINER REACHES THE SEA—
AND LAUNCHES A COUNTER-ATTACK!

EVERY TURBINE
IN ACTION!
FIRE!

IT CAN'T BE!
I MUST BE
DREAMING A NIGHT-
MARE!

GANGWAY!

I'LL
TRADE THIS
TANK FOR A
U-BOAT
ANY DAY!

GLUB!

ASSIGNED TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER
INVASION ATTEMPT, FIVE PANZER
DIVISIONS, COMPRISING 70,000 TROOPS
FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES AS THE
BIGGEST TIDAL WAVE IN CREATION RISES
OUT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN! A NAZI
TANK SPEARHEAD MAKES A FRANTIC
RETREAT AT 60 MILES AN HOUR—BUT
THAT'S A MERE SNAIL'S PACE WHEN A
MOUNTAIN OF WATER IS CHASING YOU!

WANKED OUT OF THEIR HIDING
PLACES BY THE GREAT WAVE
THE SHIPS OF ITALY'S UNCON-
QUERABLE NAVY ARE FORCED
INTO THE OPEN!

GUESS THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO BUT
FIGHT! PREPARE TO
DROP DEPTH BOMBS!
WISH I WAS HOME
IN BED.

BUT AN UNFORESEEN THING OCCURS!
THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, UNDER-
MINED BY THE TERRIFIC SUCTION OF
THE TURBINES, TOPPLES INTO THE
STRAIT WITH A CRASH, THE SOUND
OF WHICH IS REGISTERED ON
SEISMOGRAPHS AS FAR OFF AS
SAN FRANCISCO!

Y-I-I!

KER PLUNK

WITH THE ATLANTIC BLOCKED
FROM ENTRY BY THE BIG ROCK,
THE TURBINES START TO SUCK
THE MEDITERRANEAN DRY!

AND MUSSOLINI'S PROUD
FLEET IS HOPELESSLY
MIRED IN THE MUD!

MAMA-MIA!
MAMA MIA!

THIS IS LIKE
BEING CAUGHT
IN A BARREL
OF SPAGHETTI!
WHAT A
DISGRACE!
WAH!

THE REAR GUARD OF THE WHALE FLOTILLA
ALSO HIRED, OPENS FIRE ON THE ITALIAN SHIPS!

BURNING OF THE GREAT MEDITERRANEAN CONFLICT TORCH
RUSHES TO THE SCENE...

CEASE FIRING!
WE'LL FIGHT 'EM
ON FOOT!

WHAT HO! A
BATTLE IN
THE MUD!

WALLOWING HELPLESSLY, THE
ITALIANS ARE EASY PREY
FOR SUB MARINERS WAR-
RIORS WHO CAN WALK ACROSS
THE MUD EASILY...

THINK I'LL
JOIN THE
PARTY!

MAMA MIA!
I'M TOO YOUNG
TO DIE!
AHHH!

NO!
NO!
AYIIII!

HERE'S MUD
IN YOUR
EYE!

THE
HEAT OF THE
HUMAN TORCH
BAKES THE MUD
HARD AS ROCK,
LEAVING THE COM-
BATANTS LOOKING
LIKE STATUES!
BUT SUB MARI-
NER MANGES
TO ESCAPE!

THIS'LL MAKE YOU
GUYS STAY PUT!
HEY YOU
BIG
MACKEREL!

NOW TO GRAB A
TURBINE AND PUSH
GIBALTAR BACK INTO ITS
PLACE, OTHERWISE MY
FLEET'LL BEAT THE
MERCY OF MR.
HOT-SHOT!

AUSING ONLY TO SNATCH A TURBINE FROM THE
HUGE MUD BASIN, SUB MARINER "SPRINTS"
THROUGH THE AIR WITH WINGED FEET!

ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE OF THE CLOG-
GED STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR,
SUB MARINER DIVES!

JUST MISSED HIM!
NOW, WHAT'S HE
GOING TO DO
WITH THAT
MACHINE!

THE HUMAN
HEAT WAVE
IS STILL ON
MY TAIL! IF
I CAN ONLY
GET TO THE
ATLANTIC!

SMASH!

GOING OUT OF THE OCEAN
LIKE A GIGANTIC SNAKE, A
MIGHTY WHIRLPOOL FUNGS
THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR
BACK INTO PLACE!

WOW!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

PLOP!

THE
SUPER-SPEED
TURBINE DO THE
TRICK! GOOD THING
THE ROCKS BACK WHERE
IT BELONGS, OR THE
SCHOOLS WOULD
HAVE HAD TO
REVISE THEIR
GEOGRAPHY
BOOKS!

WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE
PENT UP ATLANTIC BURSTS THRU
THE STRAIT, FILLING THE
MEDITERRANEAN!

TH'S'LL WASH UP THE
ITALIAN FLEET! BUT
WHAT ABOUT THE
WHALES?

BUT DESIGNED TO OPERATE ABOVE AND BELOW WATER, THE WHALE SQUADRON ESCAPES THE RAGE OF THE ITALIAN FLEET!

CALLING ALL WHALES! FULL SPEED INTO THE ATLANTIC!

AS SUB-MARINER REJOINS HIS WARRIORS...

AMERICAN BATTLE FLEET SIGHTED SR! SHALL WE ENGAGE IT?

NOT WITH THE TORCH AT LARGE! STAY BELOW! WE'LL USE THE SUPER-TURBINE!

A UNIT OF AMERICA'S FLEET APPROACHES!

THAT BRITISH S.Q.S. ABOUT TROUBLE AT GIBRALTAR SEEMS TO BE A FALSE ALARM! ALL QUIET AHEAD!

BUT, NOT SO QUIET BELOW!

WHAT IF THEY ARE AMERICANS? THEY'RE ALL ENEMIES TO ME!

THE OCEAN YAWNS, LIKE A MONSTROUS MOUTH, AND INTO THIS MAW OF DEATH TOPPLES THE PRIDE OF THE U.S. NAVY!

I'M SINKING WITH MY SHIP! NOT A BAD END FOR A COMMANDER!

REVERSE ENGINES!

WE CAN'T! THE SUCTION'S TOO GREAT!

THE DIRTY RAT! I'VE EVER GET MY HANDS ON HIM...

SO THE YANKS ARE GETTING COCKY. THEY'LL FIX EM. ALL LOAD FIVE WHALES WITH TURBINES AND WIPE NEW YORK OFF THE MAP. JUST FOR AN APPETIZER.

USING HIS BODY GLOW AS A SEARCHLIGHT, TORO PROSES THE DEPTHS AND DISCOVERS

HEY, THEY'VE BEEN LOADING THOSE WHALES WITH TURBINES FOR HOURS NOW. THEY'RE LEAVING. HOPE I CAN TRAIL THEM.

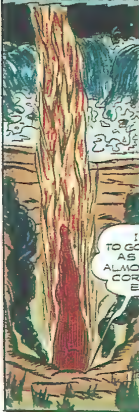
BELOW THE OCEAN, JUST EAST OF NEW YORK SUB-MARINER PREPARES TO LAUNCH THE GREAT ANTI-AMERICAN BLITZ.

READY MEN? FIRE!

They SAY NEW YORKERS HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING BUT HERE'S SOMETHING THEY NEVER SAW-A MAMMOUTH TIDAL WAVE SO HIGH IT SURMOUNTS THE CITY'S TALLEST BUILDING SO WIDE IT STRETCHES FROM THE BATTERY TO THE BRONX SO TERRIFIC IT SLAMS DOWN THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SKYLINE AS IF IT WERE BUILT WITH CARDS AND THEN IT'S RURY STILL UNSPENT. SPANS THE HUDSON RIVER AND ROARS WESTWARD! GOODBYE BROADWAY! SO LONG, TIMES SQUARE! DOWN GOES THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE! BUT THE SPIRIT OF THE POPULACE STAYS UP, FORGIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT TO PREPARE FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY THEY RESPOND TO WATER TIGHT RADIOS SEND DON DYING HELMETS AND ENTER WATER-TIGHT SHELTERS BELOW THE FLOODED SUBWAYS!

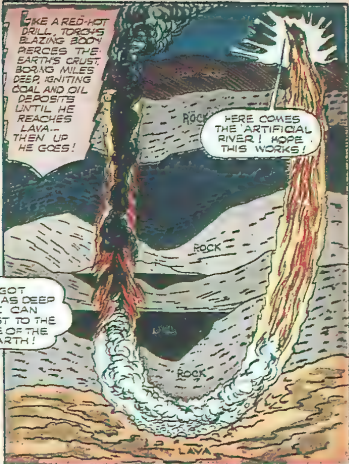
THE WAVE'LL PROBABLY NARROW OFF AT THE TOP AND FORM A RIVER TO FLOAT THE WHALES! NOW WE CAN HEAD IT OFF...

IN THE PATH OF THE
TORRENT, THE HUMAN
TORCH DIVES INTO A
MEADOW, TEARING A
GREAT HOLE IN THE EARTH.



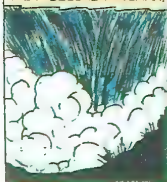
LIKE A RED-HOT
DRILL, TORCH'S
BLAZING BODY
PERCES THE
EARTH'S CRUST,
BORING MILES
DEEP, IGNITING
COAL AND OIL
DEPOSITS
UNTIL HE
REACHES
LAVA...
THEN UP
HE GOES!

I GOT
TO GO AS DEEP
AS I CAN
ALMOST TO THE
CORE OF THE
EARTH!



HERE COMES
THE 'ARTIFICIAL
RIVER'! HOPE
THIS WORKS!

THE HEAD OF SUB MARINER'S
RIVER REACHES THE FIRST
HOLE, CASCADES DOWN
LIKE A SECOND NIAGARA!



UNAWARE OF WHAT IS AHEAD, SUB MARINER LEADS
HIS WHALES ALONG THE TURBINE DRIVEN RIVER!



OUGHT TO BE
IN CHICAGO
SOON!

THE WATER DESCENDS TO THE LAVA BED, THEN TURNS TO WHITE STEAM THAT SPOUTS UP THE SECOND HOLE!

A CLOUD OF "LIVE STEAM" ENVELOPES THE WHALE FLEET.

WHERE'S THE EXIT? I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS STEAM! YI-YI-YI!

THE BULKHEADS ARE CRACKING!

YEOW! STOP THE TURBINES! STOP THE WHALES! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

THE WHALES TURBINES STOP... TOO LATE! SUB-MARINER SMASHES OUT OF HIS WHALE WITH A BLOW OF HIS FIST.

LUCK I'VE GOT A TOUGH SKIN! BUT, BOY, IS IT HOT!

AS THE HARBOR WATERS SUBSIDE, TORCH PURSUES SUB-MARINER ABOVE NEW YORK BAY!

I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

IN HIS HEADLONG FLIGHT, SUB-MARINER CRASHES INTO SOMETHING... THE SYMBOL OF LIBERTY... STILL STANDING!

YEOW! WHAT'S THIS? WHY IT'S THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!

REDUCING THE HEAT ON HIS FLAME, TO AVOID DAMAGING THE STATUE, TORCH ENTERS THE DOOR AT THE FOOT!

HE ENTERED VIA THE OBSERVATORY! WE OUGHT TO MEET INSIDE!

BARRAGE OF FIREBALLS CORNER SUB MARINER! WEARY AND BEATEN, HIS MIND GIVES WAY TO WILD VISIONS.

DIE, CAESAR!

ALL IS LOST!

DON'T KILL ME! I SURRENDER! THE SPELLS BROKEN!

WHAT SPELL?

CAESAR HAD HIS BRUTUS. NAPOLEON HAD HIS WATERLOO, AND I HAVE THE TORCH!

RATHIA'S! MY AIM IN STARTING THIS WAR WAS GOOD...TO END ALL WARS! BUT RATHIA CHANGED MY PURPOSE...STIRRED WITHIN ME THE DESIRE FOR WORLD CONQUEST!

I KNOW I'VE DONE TERRIBLE EVIL! HOW CAN I SQUARE ACCOUNTS?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE RADIO YOUR GIRL-FRIEND!

TELL HER TO RETURN WITH ALL UNDERSEA DIVISIONS TO YOUR KINGDOM. WE'LL ROUND 'EM UP THERE!

...AMERICA'S ALMOST CONQUERED! CONCENTRATE ALL OUR FORCES IN MY KINGDOM FOR FINAL PUTSCH!

RIGHT! AHA! SOON THE WORLD WILL BE OURS! HA! HA!

DEPARTING, TORCH THROWS A FIREWELL FIREBALL THAT LIGHTS THE TORCH OF THE FAMOUS STATUE!

THE FLAME OF LIBERTY LONG MAY IT BURN!

RIGHT! AND FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO KEEP IT BURNING!

SUDDENLY SUB MARINER DIVES!

OVER THE HARBOR TORCH SEES A POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD AT WORK AND DESCENDS...

OH! HE GOT AWAY!

HELLO CAPTAIN, SEE YOU'RE CLEARING WRECKAGE WITH UNDERWATER TORCHES. HOW DO THEY WORK?

WE'VE GOT COMPRESSED AIR THROUGH HOLES IN THE TORCH...

NOW TO SETTLE WITH MY REAL ENEMY RATHIA!



THE COMPRESSED AIR PRODUCES A POKET AROUND THE FLAME GUARDING IT FROM THE WATER



WE'VE GOT TO CONSULT SOME NAVAL ENGINEERS



NEARBY NAVY YARD...

WE'LL HAVE THE SHIP AND EQUIPMENT READY FOR YOU BY MORNING

FINE



HA HA, I'M WAY AHEAD OF THE SHIP AFTER ALL - IT'S REALLY SO EASY FOR ME



THE SHIP SETS FORTH WITH TORCH'S PLANS STILL A MYSTERY!

WE OUGHT TO BE NEARING THE SPOT OVER SUB MARINER'S KINGDOM

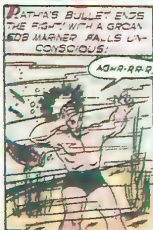
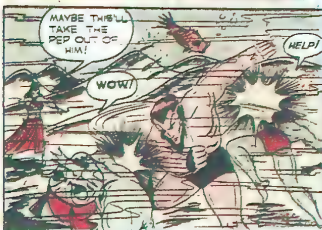
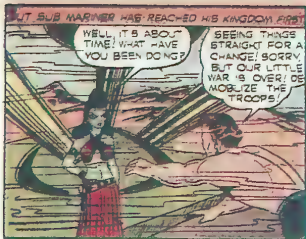


TORCH DOES A DIVING SUIT. WHAT'S HE UP TO???

GIVE ME ALL THE PRESSURE YOU GOT!

SURE WILL!



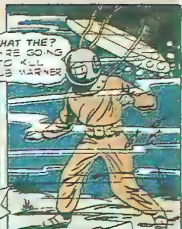


MEANWHILE, THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB MARINER IS PLACED ON THE BLOCK!



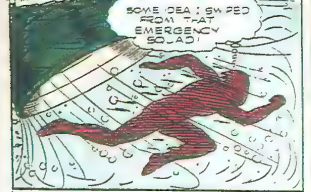
CHOP HIS HEAD OFF!

WITH PLEASURE!



WHAT THE? WE'RE GOING TO KILL SUB MARINER

Suddenly THE BIG BOSS SPOUTS A TERRIFIC JET OF COMPRESSED AIR ENVELOPING OUR FLAMING FRIEND MAKING HIM AN UNDERWATER TORCH!



SOME IDEA : SWAMPED FROM THAT EMERGENCY SQUAD!

AS THE AXE RISES.



Ai-iii!



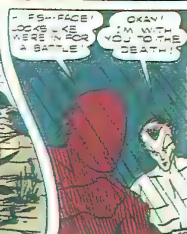
TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO SURRENDER. OR DIE!

HELP! START THE TURBINES!



Meanwhile SUB MARINER REGAINS HIS SENSES...

WOW! HEY TORCHY... WAIT FOR ME!



FS--FACE! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A BATTLE!

OKAY! I'M WITH YOU TO THE DEATH!

TORCH AND SUB MARINER
GO BERSERK!

THERE GOES
ANOTHER
TURBINE!

SAY
UNCLE!

UNCLE!

STOP! WE
SURRENDER!

Later, IN WASHINGTON...

THE PRESIDENT GRANTED
FREEDOM TO YOU AND YOUR
PEOPLE ON CONDITION
THEY BEHAVE! BUT RATHA
MUST STAND TRIAL AS
WORLD ENEMY NO. 2 -
SECOND ONLY TO
HITLER!

THANKS A
MILLION!

WHERE TO NOW?

LONDON!
I WANT TO
SEE HOW
TORO'S
MAKING
OUT...

OKAY, ALL OF YOU
DROP YOUR ARMS AND
GO TO THE SURFACE! A
SHIP WILL PICK YOU
UP, YOUR PRISONERS
NOW!

THEY ARRIVE IN LONDON...TO
FIND THE HOSPITAL A
CHARRED RUIN!

WHAT
HAPPENED!
NAZI INCENDIARY
BOMBS! EVERY
KID WAS
SAVED...

EXCEPT ONE...A BOY NAMED
TORO! WE SEARCHED FOR
HOURS, BUT WE CAN'T
FIND HIM!

THE
POOR
KID!

BRACE UP,
TORCH! WE'LL
FIND THE
KID SOME-OW
AND ALIVE
TOO!

CONSOLING WORDS, SUB-
MARINER, BUT WILL TORO
EVER BE FOUND ALIVE?
WHAT MYSTERY DOES
THE BLACK PALL OF
SMOKE CURLING UP
FROM THE RUINED
HOSPITAL HOLD?

END

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES



PEER BAASON

NORWAY'S GREATEST CRIMINAL - SPECIAL PRISONS WERE BUILT FOR HIM WITH DAY AND NIGHT WATCH BUT AFTER A MONTH OR TWO HE ALWAYS MADE HIS ESCAPE. HOW? NO ONE KNOWS

EGERSUND NORWAY 1872-49



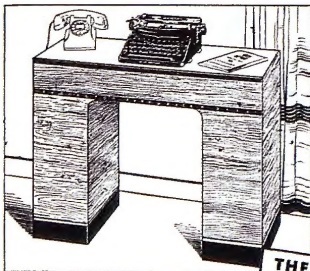
A GHOST CONVICTED OF MURDER

ON JUNE 1926 AT ALTOONA GERMANY A GHOST WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR TEN MURDERS A FEW YEARS LATER AND FOR NO REASON THE GHOST WAS PROVEN INNOCENT



THE STRANGE RETURN OF THE R.E.B

A SEAPLANE BEING FLOWN BY TWO AUSTRALIANS CAME DOWN TO ITS HOME FIELD WITH THE MOTOR DEAD, AND MADE A PERFECT LANDING THE GROUND CREW FOUND THE PILOT AND OBSERVER DEAD THEY HAD BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS BUT THE PLANE HAD FLOWN UNTIL THE GAS GAVE OUT - FROM THE BRITISH OFFICIAL RECORDS



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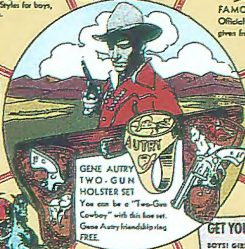
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